

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

MARCH, 1844.

THE SMUGGLER.*

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW weeks after the battle of Lake Champlain, Mr. James Reed, of New Haven, Connecticut, was surprised by a visit one morning, at his counting-room, from Edward Clapp, of Boston, nephew of the late Daniel Barnes. Mr. Reed surveyed his visitor a few moments in astonishment, for nearly three years had elapsed since the decease of Mr. Barnes; and this was the first intimation he had received that the nephew was at all interested in Mr. Barnes's will.

"Undoubtedly, sir," commenced Edward, "you are surprised at my visit. But why you should be is, I confess, a matter of surprise to me. You are already informed that I am to become the husband of your eldest daughter previous to my twenty-fifth year, or forfeit all claims to my uncle's estate."

"I am aware, sir," returned Mr. Reed, "that some such proviso is annexed to your uncle's will. But perhaps you remain to be informed, that twenty such wills would not buy my consent, for my daughter's acceptance of a husband who only sought her as the means of redeeming his estate."

"If such is your answer," continued Edward, "can you inform me what was the operating influence which induced my uncle to annex such conditions to his will?"

"Of that I am as ignorant as yourself, and perhaps more so," answered Mr. Reed. "Your uncle was an early friend of mine, and we accidentally met, after a long separation, the year before he died. At that time, he spent some weeks at my house, and apparently became much attached to my daughter Jane. But, not even to me, did he hint any such wish as his will has made evident he formed. The first knowledge or thought I had of the matter, was from the executors of the will. And as I never have heard from you, I supposed that you was too high spirited to make your marriage a mere pecuniary matter."

"Perhaps I have wronged you," returned Edward; "if so, I shall regret it. But, pardon me, I would know whether your daughter is acquainted with the facts of the will, and with my name?"

"My daughter never has heard your name mentioned, and is as ignorant of the will as though it never existed. I thought that if you warranted the

high estimation in which your uncle held you, it would not favor your suit for her to feel that her inclinations were forced at all. That it would be better to let the matter take its own course. If you sought and pleased her, my consent would not have been withheld. But of *her* you have not thought, and only at this late hour ask her to save your property. I know that a mercenary connection would make Jane miserable; and I repeat that twenty such wills would not induce me to aid or abet in her becoming your wife."

"The whole matter must rest on one of Uncle Daniel's whims," said Edward, as his countenance brightened. "One question further, and I think the matter may rest: Are your daughter's affections free?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, they are. The only thing wherein I have sought to influence her was, to prevent her affections from being engaged prematurely. I have said the same to her, and expressed my desire that she should not think of an early marriage?"

"And will you grant me one favor?" asked Edward.

"Certainly, if consistent," replied Mr. Reed; "I will do that for the memory of your uncle."

"I thank you," returned Edward, ashamed of the injustice which he had cherished towards Mr. Reed. "For my own sake I should hardly dare ask it after the specimen I have given you of my rudeness; I am abrupt, but again I crave your pardon."

"I will pardon you, young sir," rejoined Mr. Reed, for he saw that Edward was much embarrassed, "if you will frankly inform me wherein I can serve you."

"Will you see your daughter," asked Edward, "and inform her fully of my uncle's will, and tell her that his nephew seeks her hand as one of the conditions by which to secure the estate? Will you do this without revealing my name, and with the knowledge that I will not marry her if she will accept me on such terms? I know this is a singular commission to give a father, but as an honorable man I could not intrust it to another person. I mean nothing disrespectful to your daughter; but, if she refuses me as my uncle's nephew, tell her that I will not take the answer from any person but herself, and insist upon a personal interview. Of course, if she will accept me upon the conditions of the will, we cannot meet. Will you grant this favor?"

"Your request is singular," replied Mr. Reed, "but there is something behind that you have not informed me of. I cannot promise to comply with your wishes unless I know why you would subject my daughter to such an ordeal."

"To be frank, sir," returned Edward, "I have seen your daughter; and, without knowing who she was, conceived for her a deep and respectful passion. If it had not been for this, you never would have seen me here; but I am not assured that she returns my feelings; and I wish all suspicion of any influence from the bequest to be at rest before I seek to renew our acquaintance, or to solicit a return of feeling from her."

"This is strange," remarked Mr. Reed; "Jane never has mentioned your name, and she is very frank in her communications to her mother and myself. Where did you meet her?"

"In the north part of Vermont," replied Edward. "When she was returning home last March, she was detained, by a storm, several days, at a tavern among the mountains, where I was detained also."

"Culver was the name of the people where she stopped, was it not?" asked Mr. Reed.

"Yes," returned Edward.

"I have often heard her speak of the incident," continued Mr. Reed, "but your name has never been mentioned, or I should have recognized it. But—I will grant your request, Mr. Clapp. Call here this afternoon, at five o'clock, and I will tell you the result of my interview with my daughter." And, bidding each other "good morning," they parted.

Mr. Reed immediately returned to his house, and sought an interview with his daughter. She listened to his narration with astonishment.

"And why," said she, as he closed, "have I been kept in ignorance of this matter? Tell me, my father, was it this that made you so fearful that I should form some other attachment?"

"Your previous knowledge of these facts would not have been likely to have furthered my wishes upon the subject," returned Mr. Reed. "And it was this, which made me wish that you might be left free and unfettered by any previous preference, to decide the question calmly, if circumstances should demand an answer."

"And you wish me, father, to accept of this man, whom I never saw, for the sake of securing a rich husband?" asked Jane, vainly endeavoring to appear calm.

"I do not wish, my daughter, that you should be influenced by any other motive than your own unbiassed judgment," replied her father, smiling.

"Oh, you have only done this, papa, to try me," replied Jane, losing her fears in the sunshine of her father's smile.

"No, Jane," returned her father, "I am not testing your strength of character, or affection and obedience to me. There truly is this question for *you* to decide. Will you take Mr. Barnes's nephew or not? Answer frankly, as you please. I could not, for my life, say whether I wish you to say yes or no."

"If you don't care, I do not want a minute to think of it. No, papa, *never*," was Jane's earnest answer.

"But I have not told you all. In case of a refusal, the young man declines receiving his answer through me. He desires a personal interview, and even insists upon it."

"Oh, I cannot see him," returned Jane, hastily.

"I have promised that you should, my daughter. I will introduce you to him in the library, and you may retire the moment that you repeat '*no, never*,' as you did a moment ago."

"If you wish it, papa, I will," rejoined Jane. "But he must be a conceited puppy," she added, laughing, "if he thinks my looking at him will change my answer."

"Perhaps he is," returned Mr. Reed, carelessly; "but he is tolerably good looking, and may be forgiven. I shall return with him between five and six o'clock, so con your lesson well—'*No, never*.' " And, laughing, he retired to his counting-room.

Edward was punctual to his engagement, although his heart beat rather more audibly than it ever did for a custom-house officer, or a foreign foe. After exchanging salutations with Mr. Reed, "I am impatient," said he, "to learn the result of your mission to your daughter."

"Her answer is very firm, and a decided refusal to the nephew of the late Mr. Barnes," returned Mr. Reed.

"She will repeat it to me also, will she?" asked Edward.

"She was very averse to meeting you at all; but I rather exceeded my instructions, and insisted upon it. Her compliance must be attributed to parental authority, rather than a desire to gratify you," returned Mr. Reed.

"Believe me, sir, I appreciate your kindness," said Edward, huskily.

"We will walk, if you please, Mr. Clapp," said Mr. Reed; and, drawing the young gentleman's arm within his own, he led the way to his house. After conducting Edward to the library, he said, "I have promised my daughter that she shall not be detained after repeating her refusal; and you will not attribute it to a want of courtesy if I make the interview short in consideration of her feelings."

Edward bowed, but did not reply; and Mr. Reed went to conduct Jane.

"Mr. Clapp, this is my eldest daughter, the lady designated in your uncle's will," said Mr. Reed, as he entered the room with Jane leaning upon his arm.

"Mr. Clapp!" repeated Jane, bewildered.

"Miss Reed, pardon me," said Edward, advancing towards her, "if I have given you pain by insisting upon this interview. Nothing but the positive assurance from your own lips, that you would not unite your fate with mine, could destroy the hopes which I have nourished since we parted."

The astonishment and emotion of Jane nearly overpowered her.

"Be calm, my child," said her father, tenderly supporting her to a seat; "you have only to repeat your refusal, and this interview is terminated."

Tears came to her relief, and she dropped her head upon her father's bosom, sobbing audibly.

"Do you refuse to be my wife, because I am my uncle's nephew?" asked Edward in a low voice, taking her hand and pressing it to his heart. The hand was not withdrawn.

"My father," whispered Jane, looking timidly up, "I have not deceived you—but—"

"I know all," returned her father, in the same voice; "if you regret your refusal, it need not be repeated."

"I did not know that Mr. Clapp was—I thought"—stammered Jane.

"I only desire your happiness, my child," said her father; and his voice trembled. He rose; and, motioning Edward to the seat which he had occupied, he took their clasped hands in his.

"Be kind to her as I have been," said he, in a low voice, to Edward. And then, rallying, he added, with an attempt at playfulness, "You will excuse me—my business is urgent, and I shall have to leave you, Mr. Clapp, to extract Jane's emphatic 'no, never.'" And he left the room.

"And do you positively refuse to be my wife?" said Edward, as he clasped her in his arms, as her father closed the door.

"No, never!" was his assurance of bliss, as Jane buried her head in his bosom.

A word in conclusion, and our "*bobbin-box* will be empty." We have endeavored to exhibit the character of an American smuggler in its true light. If we have failed in our aim or delineation, we can only express our regret that we had not the ability to perform the task we undertook. An American smuggler is as far removed from the character of a *bandit*, as he is from that of a *coward*. Indulgent reader, *adieu*.

H. F. C.

THE WORLD.

THE world! how beautiful and blest it seems
 When, from the home of childhood, forth we look
 O'er its wide, heaving, unexplored expanse.
 It is as if we stood within a dell,
 A little sheltered nook, and thence beheld
 A stately grove, such as the Orient shows,
 Stretching away beyond our narrow ken,
 Its towering trees dressed in perpetual green,
 Their branches all alive with singing birds,
 In golden plumage; while, beneath their shade,
 Flit lightly the dim outlines of fair forms
 All brightly robed, with songs and laughing sport
 The swift-winged hours beguiling. Ardently
 We view the dazzling scene, and wishful cry,
 "Oh! pleasant world! how shall we come to thee?"
 Alas! until into this charmed land
 We eager rush, we know not that the trees,
 Whose shade we envied, pois'nous dews distil,
 Worse than the Upas bane, on all beneath;
 Nor that the birds are sirens that allure
 To dark despair and death. We may not know
 That the gay bands that mingle there wear not
 Their real faces, but in painted masks
 Perform their giddy parts; and that the laugh,
 The song, the shout, are but a mockery;
 But when we see the flimsy covering fall,
 And, from the rank grass, feel the reptiles creep,
 And twine around us, and, within our veins,
 The venom working, bitterly we cry,
 "Away with thee, thou cheating, hated world!"

L. M.

AN ALLEGORY.

AN allegory!—what is an allegory? And I mused upon the question until I lost my mental identity, and was only conscious that my thoughts took images and appeared in tangible shape. There was a broad ocean, studded with innumerable islands, replete with life and motion. Busy boats plied between them; some of light and airy structure—some substantial and firm. The light vessels would scarce reach the strand of one island ere they would dart off to another, while the stronger ones rested even their keel upon the beach, and their passengers landed and explored each "nook and corner," and then resumed their wonted sails for another.

"What is this?" I inquired; and, as I spoke, a grave but active old man appeared at my elbow.

"This," answered he, "is the allegory of life. The ocean is our being, our existence—who can fathom it? The barks are our thoughts, ideas, passions, or faculties of mind; and these islands are the *terra firma* of science. The ballast of those who keep upon the shore is reason; their anchors, judgment and reflection. Those that dart off from the strand

without resting to explore the region, are imagination. Some have more sails of ideality than ballast, and their anchors are seldom cast. They have no fixed object in view, but are blown about by every passing gale. Some, you see, keep on the ocean without change of position. These I should consider destitute of both ballast or sail, and are content to sink, even as they rose, without a thought or a care of their own. They have scarcely sufficient energy to enable them to sustain life, much less to adorn that life by high and noble deeds, worthy of beings endowed with such god-like powers. The best fitted vessels are those furnished with both; those who can sail or remain and examine; who, on the wings of imagination, can soar aloft into the ideal world, and revel in the beautiful visions their own fancy has created, or who, with an untiring hand, and a firm heart, will unfold the mysteries of science, and lay before the world its great and precious truths."

With these words my informant vanished, and my vision was dispelled.
M. C.

H O M E .

WHAT spot on earth is so dear to the heart as home? What word so fraught with tender recollections? The place where our youthful minds first received the instructions of a mother, and the guiding counsels of a father; where the kindness of brothers and sisters bound us together with a twofold cord, which grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; where the toils of the day were succeeded by the pleasures of the fireside circle, and the happiness of all was centred in the individual pleasure of each. Such scenes are unknown in the haunts of gaiety and dissipation, and the cottage fireside possesses charms far purer than do the palaces of the proud and haughty; and those, who lay their offerings upon the altar of peace and contentment, enjoy far greater happiness than the gay votaries who worship at the shrine of Fashion. While Memory recalls the scenes of the past, Fancy carries us back, and we seem to live over those happy scenes; we are again at our happy homes; glad voices greet our ear, and the clear ringing laugh of childhood blends with the notes of the bird of song. The flowers are blooming as if to gladden our approach, and the murmuring rivulet glides smoothly on its course; we are again at our tasks receiving the approval of friends; and the smile of approbation amply rewards us for our toil.

But anon these happy visions quickly pass away, and a funeral train succeeds. The bud, the blossom, and the golden grain share the same fate, and we are left alone; the voice of love is hushed, and the beaming eye is closed forever. Is it strange that we weep? That the fountains of tenderness should again be unsealed, and the buried remembrances of by-gone days awaken a thrill of emotion in the heart which causes it to vibrate painfully? The past is a golden dream, never again to be realized. Let us not despair; but, looking above for strength, press on through life's dark vale of tears till called to dwell with the happy spirits in our heavenly home.
L. A. P.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

"Who is that beautiful girl yonder?" asked Julia Stanwood of her friend, Ellen Morley, as they stood at a window in the brilliantly lighted parlor of Mr. Seymour.

"What, the one who stands opposite us, who is dressed so plainly?" asked Ellen.

"The same," was the reply. "I feel considerable curiosity to know who she is."

"And I presume it will be increased when I tell you that she is a *factory girl*," was the sneering reply.

"Why, Ellen, how can you speak so," said Julia; "do you think that any one should be despised because she works for a living?"

"Oh, no—certainly not; but I like to see them know their place, and not be always putting themselves forward as though they *were* somebody."

"And are they not *somebody*, as you please to term it?" asked Julia.

"Oh, yes—certainly," was the scornful reply; "or I suppose they would be, if you could have *your* will about it. I suppose you would have the merchant's daughter stoop to associate with the ignorant and vulgar factory girl, but I shall never do it; and I do not think Mr. Seymour should admit a girl of her standing to a place like this, even if she *is* his niece."

"Well, Ellen, as the subject is painful to you, we will drop it at once; and see, yonder comes your brother, who, I think by his looks, has something to communicate."

"Good evening, Miss Stanwood," said Mr. Morley, as he approached the window; and, after remarking upon the beauty of the evening, turned and asked if they had been introduced to the belle of the evening.

"To whom do you refer?" asked Ellen. "I do not know that I have noticed that one has received any more attention than another."

"Is it possible that you have not noticed the presence of a stranger?" asked Edward.

"If you mean the factory girl, I *have* seen *her*," was the reply; "but I did not know that *she* had received any marked attention: she has not from *me* any way."

"Why, sister, how can you speak so lightly of Miss Emmons;—but permit me to introduce you to her, and I am sure your opinion will be changed."

"I do not *crave* an acquaintance with her," was the haughty reply; "but if you are desirous of giving me an introduction to her, I have no objection." And, taking his arm, she crossed the room to the place where Miss Emmons stood. She had before been charmed by her beauty, though unwilling to own it; but from the time of their introduction a burning jealousy took possession of her heart; she feared that she should now have a rival, for she had before been the reigning attraction, and she could not bear that another should usurp her place.

A short time afterward Julia Stanwood received an introduction to her; and after that evening they were bosom friends. Julia had that evening obtained an insight into Ellen's character, which was sufficient to assure her that her friendship would be of little value.

Julia was not the only one who had noticed her unkindness to the lovely

girl. Edward Morley had not been an indifferent witness to his sister's rudeness, and he was surprised that one whom he loved so well, one whom he had deemed nearly perfect, should be guilty of such conduct.

With the exception of the above incident, the evening passed away pleasantly to all parties, and they retired to their homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Emmons was a wealthy merchant in the city of New York, who had married, at the age of twenty-one, the youngest sister of Mr. Seymour, a lovely girl of eighteen. Mary was their only child, and their love for her was nearly allied to idolatry. By a sudden reverse of fortune, his property was swept away, and his family reduced to beggary. This was too much for his proud spirit; and, sinking into a rapid decline, he soon slumbered in the dust. Their sudden change of fortune, and the death of her husband, followed each other so quickly, that Mrs. Emmons also fell a victim to disease, and, in less than three months after the death of her husband, the grave was opened to receive her lifeless remains; and Mary was left an orphan at the age of seventeen.

On hearing the sad news of the misfortune which had befallen them, Mr. Seymour hastened to New York, and arrived there just in time to see the dying struggles of his sister, and take the lovely orphan under his care. She returned with him to his home, and accepted the kind invitation to make it hers.

As the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were still bleeding under the recent affliction of the death of their only child, their affections fastened upon this new object with increased strength. After remaining with them a year, she expressed a wish to go to the factory. They at first attempted to dissuade her from it, but she was so earnest in her desire that they finally consented, as she promised to return in a year. During her absence, as Mr. Seymour had business of importance in another part of the state, he removed to a town about eighty miles from his former residence.

At the end of the year, Mary returned; and, wishing to introduce her to society, the party in which we have first presented her to notice, was given for that purpose.

We will now pass over the period of three months; during which time summer had relinquished its lovely flowers for the sere foliage of autumn. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, in the back parlor of Mr. Seymour's mansion. Edward Morley was seated upon the sofa, holding the hand of Mary Emmons, and looking into her face with an intense anxiety, as if waiting for a sentence of life or death.

At length she spoke, and her voice trembled like the aspen leaf as she answered, "Mr. Morley, I respect, nay, I love you, but under existing circumstances, I can never be yours!"

"And what, dear Mary, has caused this change in love?"

"Say not *change*," she hastily replied, "that is unchanged—unchangeable; but you know the feelings of your sister toward me, and I could never be happy in the *unhappiness* of another."

"I know," he answered, sorrowfully, "that she has treated you with unkindness; but if this can be overcome, will you then consent to be mine?"

"I will," was the calm reply.

Without saying another word, he took his hat from the table, and de-

parted. When he reached his home he found his sister alone in the sitting-room. Seating himself beside her, he introduced the subject by telling her of the prospects which he feared she had crushed forever. As he continued, a frown gathered upon her brow, and a hasty exclamation rose to her lips; but when he told her of the sacrifice which the self-denying girl was about to make to *her* pride, her better feelings triumphed; and, covering her face with her hands, the proud and haughty girl wept in bitterness of spirit.

Hastily rising, she opened her writing-desk, and taking a pen wrote a note, and handed to her brother, saying, "I cannot go to her, but give her this, and tell her that to-morrow I will see her."

"My sister, your conscience will reward you for this," said he, as he closed the door, and hastily retraced his steps. Without stopping to ring for admittance, he entered, and found Mary sitting in the parlor, where he had left her. Traces of tears were visible on her cheeks, but a smile quickly succeeded, as she saw the expression of joy upon his countenance. Taking the note from his hand, she perused it; and then, looking him steadfastly in the face, asked him if he believed that it was the language of sincerity.

"Yes," was the reply; "and I know that she will be proud of such a sister."

But we will here leave them in the enjoyment of their new-found happiness, for the scene is too sacred for the eye of strangers.

A few days afterward, Mrs. Seymour was busily engaged in ornamenting a bride's cake, and Mary Emmons and Ellen Morley were trimming a white satin dress, when a letter was brought in and handed to Mary, who hastily perused it, and laid it in her work-box.

"Well," said Ellen, "I think you are rather sly with your letter; but if I cannot have the pleasure of reading it, I shall take the Yankee's privilege of guessing, and I guess that it came from Lowell."

"Well, I rather guess that you have guessed right; and as you are so good at guessing, I guess I will let you read it," replied Mary, laughing.

"Well, Ellen, what do you think of my factory friend," asked Mary, as Ellen returned the letter.

"Well, Mary, to tell you the truth, I think that she needs no better recommendation than her being an associate of yours; but if I were to judge from this letter, I should think that she was one whom you might well be proud of."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Mary, laughing, "and I am proud of her, and of many others there; and I shall not soon forget their kindness to me when I was a stranger among them."

Mary was true to her promise; and, as a substantial proof of her remembrance, they received, a short time after the receipt of the above letter, one from Mrs. Morley, accompanied by her card and a slice of cake. And Ellen Morley never had occasion to regret that her brother had chosen for his companion, a factory girl.

P. A. L.

FREDERIC II. AND THE CHERRIES.

Translated from the French.

THE King of Prussia, Frederic II., was very fond of good cheer, and particularly of fruits, with which he was supplied at each season of the year, by large and beautiful green-houses. One day his gardener carried him sixty cherries of the choicest kind, and for which a very high price was generally paid. This was Christmas-day. He admired them a long time, tasted some, then chose the finest, arranged them with much care in a box, which he closed and sealed. This done, he wrote to his wife to announce to her that he had chosen these cherries for her, and that he hoped she would eat them with much pleasure, etc. He rang for the page in waiting, and gave him the box and note for the queen, which he was to deliver to her majesty in person, who resided usually at Monbijoux, the royal chateau at some leagues from Berlin.

The page, who had observed all the movements of the king through the key-hole, who had seen him eat the cherries, and put some in the box which he held in his hands, was strongly tempted to taste them in his turn. But how should he do it? The box was too firmly closed; and this royal seal? Ah, bah! said he to himself, it is right. *I wish* to eat them, and I will! Once, determined, he wandered from the road, dismounted from his horse, seated himself upon the snow, broke the seal, and opened the box. His figure became radiant, his mouth watered on perceiving those beautiful cherries. He seized one, eat it; a second, a third—in fine, the thirty vanished in a few moments; the box is empty, to the great regret of the page! Then the reflection, but what will the king say? terrified him! This was only the affair of a moment! He soon reassured himself, broke the box, tore the note of the king, and concealed the whole under a heap of snow. He remounted his horse, and gaily retraced his steps to Berlin. Frederic was much astonished to see his page return at so early an hour, and much more so when he, in the name of the queen, paid him a compliment singular enough, saying to him, that she had found those cherries so excellent that she prayed his majesty the king, to send her some more soon! “But,” said Frederic, surprised, “has she then eaten all those cherries in thy presence, and so quickly too?” “Yes, sire,” said the page, impudently, without faltering; and the affair rested there.

New-year’s day arrived, and with it the ceremonies of the court, which required, among others, that the queen and all the royal family should pay their court to the king. After having spoken for sometime with the queen, Frederic was much astonished that she said not a word of those beautiful cherries. He gave her to understand that he was surprised; but she, not being able to understand him, knew not what to say. Frederic, who could no longer contain himself, demanded: But, madam, is it possible that you say not a word of those beautiful cherries which I sent you? What cherries, sire? Explain yourself, if you please! Then the king, suspecting the truth, related to the queen all that had passed with his page; and the latter assured him that she had seen neither page, note, or cherries! They could not help laughing at the pleasant trick which had been played on them by a child of twelve years; but Frederic intended to punish the culprit.

Some days after, he called this page, and gave him a sealed note addressed to the adjutant of the pages, which he ordered him to carry to the officer, and await the reply. My spy, who from a corner of the hall had observed the conversation, the rage of the king, and the astonishment of the queen, then the burst of laughter, doubted not the intention of his master, and knew not how to escape the punishment which he knew he had well merited. By chance he encountered an old Jew. This sight restored his good humor; he called him, and said to him, "Ah, friend Abraham, I am very eager to go to the play—pray take this note to the adjutant, and await his reply. Hold!—this for thy trouble." The Jew, seeing the money, was very well satisfied to carry the note of the king. This adjutant was an old soldier; and, being accustomed to the most severe discipline, was taciturn and grave. He broke the seal, and read in a low voice what follows: "You will give, to the bearer of this, twenty-five blows, well applied; and make report of it to the governor of the pages. Signed FREDERIC.

The adjutant, much astonished at this order, looked at the Jew, who very humbly awaited a reply, arose, locked the door, and, without saying a word, fell upon the poor man, who uttered loud cries, and protested his innocence, by saying that a page had given him this bad note in the street. But nothing could cause the adjutant to relent, and Abraham received the twenty-five blows well counted! The page during this time remained at the corner of the street to await Abraham, who came forth howling with pain, and cursing the page. The latter, overjoyed to have escaped the chastisement reserved for him, waited no longer, but ran directly to the chateau, without being seen by the Jew, and related his adventure to his comrades assembled in the saloon of the pages. They laughed so loudly that the king, astonished at so much noise, rang to know the cause. He called the little spy, in order to question him; and, surprised to see him radiant with joy, he demanded if he had executed his commission, and why his comrades were so merry.

Then the page fell at the feet of the king, owned his fault, begged pardon very humbly, and related with so much simplicity the trick which he had played upon Abraham, whom the king loved not, that Frederic could not help laughing himself. He pardoned the young man, and advanced him rapidly.

E. W. S.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the labors and scenes of the day are ended, and the evening hour of rest arrives, its cool refreshing breezes well repay us for all our toil, provided we feel a consciousness of having faithfully performed the various duties devolving upon us. The calmness of evening cannot but remind us of life's decline, when we shall have finished our daytime here on earth, and are about to hear the pleasing annunciation, "*Well done, good and faithful servant,*" thy days are finished, and the evening hour has come when there will be no more labor or fatigue. Is there any thing more lovely than a calm moonlight evening? Every thing looks so beautiful, so enchanting—the moon reflecting her mild light upon the face of the smooth waters, and spreading her sweet and placid influence over

every scene. It is then we recall the days that are past; we think of our youthful playmates and childish sports. We bring before our mind's eye a friend, a cousin, who then shared with us our joys and our sorrows; now she is slumbering in the lonely grave; the gentle moonbeams fall upon the sacred spot where the form we so fondly loved is now mouldering and commingling with its mother Earth.

At this hour, too, we look forward to the future. We often transfer ourselves to a land of happiness by the power of imagination; we build many a bright and lofty castle, which perhaps falls and disappears with the hour itself. At this hour, too, we cast an eye through the narrow precincts of this earth, into a boundless eternity whither we are journeying, and where we hope to find at last a haven of rest. NEWELL.

STANZAS.

Oh! why should we ever be sad,
 When with pleasure all nature is beaming?
 The birds and the flow'rets are glad,
 And the sunlight is joyously streaming.
 The vale and the stream wear a smile;
 The soft summer clouds gaze down brightly;
 And the zephyrs laugh merrily, while
 They dance through the forest boughs lightly.

E'en the grim, frowning visage of Night,—
 Enthroned in his sable pavilion;
 Relaxes beneath the bland light
 Of star-eyes, so many a million.
 And Ocean, whose doleful complaint
 Day and night, and for aye, is resounding;
 O'er his wild billows holds no restraint,
 And in mirth to the shore they are bounding.

Then why should we ever be sad,
 When the wide earth is glowing with pleasure?
 'Tis surely worth while to be glad,
 Or Nature would deem it no treasure.
 This world is a beautiful world,
 And our spirits should mirror its beauty.
 Love's banner, within us unfurled,
 With ardor will cheer to our duty.

A glance from a love-lighted eye—
 A smile ever placid and cheerful—
 Will make every dull shadow fly
 From the orbs that were saddened and tearful.
 Blithe words have a magical power
 To subdue in the heart Care's dominion;
 Ill-temper may triumph an hour,
 Then, conquered, she'll spread her black pinion.

'Twere pleasant, if only by name
 We mortals knew trouble and sorrow.
 But life is not always the same,
 And a bright eve may bring a dark morrow.
 Yet, since changes must ever betide,
 And from darkness there is no protection,
 We will look on the sunniest side,
 And our faces will bear its reflection

L. L.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. IV. — THE BETROTHED.

THE small private parlor of Mrs. Royall's boarding-house was relinquished, one evening, to Serena Lowe, who sat there alone, but awaiting some expected visitor.

Serena was one of the very plainest looking of Mrs. Royall's boarders, but she was much beloved, by the whole family, for her calm even disposition, her readiness to oblige, her patience with the young and careless, and her perfect consistency of character. Well had she been called *Serena*, for serene was she always in look and manner; and so still and gentle had ever been the tenor of her life, that *few* suspected, and *none* knew, how much of silent strength lay concentrated in her heart.

She was attired with much care this night, and none of the girls wondered, for Serena was expecting her lover. A dark brown silk gown, without a superfluous plait or fold, and a plain white cape, comprised her dress. Her black hair was combed smoothly back; and, save *one* gold ring, she wore no ornament. Her look and manner were so calm that, but for the occasional glance toward the open window, none would have thought her an anxious waiter. Heavy steps were frequently heard upon the pavement, and, as they approached nearer, and turned toward her door, it seemed as if each footfall pressed upon her heart. But one and another came, and went again, yet *he* had not arrived. Was this like an ardent suitor? Jealousy said *no*; though Tenderness thought of many a satisfactory excuse; and, to pass away the tedious time, Serena untied a large packet of letters. They had been written by her lover, and each had probably been perused a hundred times before; but, as they were now to be returned to him, she could not refrain from another parting glance. While she is thus employed we will inform our readers of some of the events which had occasioned this correspondence, and why Serena was resolved that it should no longer continue.

Serena Lowe was about sixteen years of age, and John Newton seventeen, when the fancy seized them that they loved each other better than any one else in the whole world. How they came to this understanding they hardly knew themselves; but it must have been by some instinct, for there was a tacit acknowledgment to this effect long before there was an open confession.

After the latter obstacle was happily surmounted, it was a very easy affair to promise eternal constancy, and resolve to be married as soon as the parents were willing, and old Mr. Newton's house was all finished off. Serena began to make patchwork when her thirty knots per day were spun; and John to calculate how many cords of wood he must cut and sell to make the unfinished half of his father's house habitable. Meanwhile the two lovers were very happy, and it was that calm untroubled happiness which is experienced by many of our simple honest country youth at this interesting period of their lives. The anticipated time at length drew very near. John was twenty-one, Serena twenty, "the other half" finished, the quilts made, to say nothing of the blue-and-white coverlids, and a fine linen counterpane. Every thing was arranged, even to the steers which

John was to take from his father's stock, and the pickles and dried apple which were to be allotted to Serena from her mother's store-room. John's wedding suit, too—it was not purchased yet; but, in imagination, he had possessed it for a long time. It was to be of "*boughten*" broadcloth—the first of that material which had ever graced his wardrobe; and Serena's wedding gown—the white cambric was bought more than a year before, at the village store, together with a quantity of linen floss, and all her acquaintance conjectured that an amalgamation of the two was mysteriously going on during the afternoons when she was so strictly secluded in her little chamber.

But the quiet and plans of the lovers, as well as of almost every one else in their little village, was most effectually disturbed by the arrival of an evangelist, or reformation preacher, in the little community; and the religious interests of the villagers were taken entirely out of the hands of the old gray-headed parson, who was, besides, most bitterly reproached for his past remissness, and frightful calculations were made of the number of souls already lost through his neglect. Among the number who were early awakened to the danger of their thoughtless situation, was John Newton; and he was an active assistant of the preacher in warning his old companions to flee from the wrath to come. If a new spirit had not, in truth, been given to the young man, a dormant one had been awakened, for, from that time, he was another being. Firm, bold, and ardent, his appeals were always made with real eloquence, and a success was the result of his labors which confirmed him in the design of making this work the labor of his life. He felt within him a voice, which he might not disobey, urging him to "go, and preach the gospel."

He had not been unmindful of the spiritual welfare of her who had been so dear to him, and Serena stood at his side when they covenanted together to be henceforth of God's people.

But there was not that change in her which had been wrought in her lover, and the same serenity, which had always characterized her, was manifested throughout this agitating period. And when John told her of his entire change of plans—how he wished to defer their union until he had become a thoroughly educated minister, and that they must separate for many years, she calmly acquiesced. She neither urged him on, in the new course he had resolved upon, nor said aught to discourage him. If there was any feeling of disappointment, that the union, to which she had looked forward with so much pleasure, should now be deferred indefinitely, she never expressed it.

Years passed by, and wrought their changes.

The parents of John and Serena had both died, and the patrimony of the former was more than spent in the attainment of his darling object. Serena, too, had left the old homestead, and sought a home in Lowell. She had a twofold reason for doing this: one was, a want of employment, for little nieces were growing up to take her place in the old farm-house; the other was, a desire to lay by money for the time, which she hoped would come, when the education of her lover being finished, and a situation obtained, their union should at length be consummated. At that time he would be penniless, even if free from debt, and how pleasant it would be to her to bring into their new home the comforts which they would need. Years passed on, in humble constant toil, supported by calm unwavering love and hope. But these years stole the bloom from her cheek,

and sharpened the lineaments of her form. Her frame, too, had felt the influence of a feeling allied to the heart-sickness of *hope deferred*. John had frequently been obliged to leave his studies, to gain funds as an instructor, and the time was very long ere his design was completed. But this probation was now over. He was the regularly ordained pastor of a flourishing parish; and, on the evening we have introduced Serena to our readers, they were to meet and decide upon the time and place for a performance of the ceremony, which would unite their interests for life. Why, then, should Serena have looked so sad? and why did she sometimes breathe so long and deep, and at others so short and gaspingly? Why did she press her hand to her brow, and why did tears start as she reperused that worn packet of letters?

Serena knew that John had ceased to love her; and, had he not, she deeply felt her incompetency for the station to which he would raise her. The idea, that she would be an unsuitable companion for him, had crossed her mind many years before; but it was banished as too unpleasant to be admitted there. Still it would haunt her, and, as he increased in mental wealth, she more keenly deplored her own poverty. She had not the means to educate herself, and she was not naturally sufficiently intellectual to surmount all difficulties, and attain what Fortune had withheld. She knew that her lover was even more aware of her deficiencies than herself—she felt that it must be so, and he would be ashamed of her; or, at all events, sorry for her. With the keen sensitiveness of true love she could perceive a difference in his letters. They were those of a good man, and a kind friend, but they were not those of a lover. O, there is naught in this wide world so exacting as love. Serena could not feel satisfied with a hand, which duty compelled him to give, when the heart was wanting.

There was also an inferiority of person as well as of mind. The light of intellect, which now irradiated the countenance of John Newton, had given to him a new and superior beauty; and Serena was but “a sad sal-low shrunken old maid.” She had never been beautiful—she had never desired to be, but “to one alone;” and now, that youth and health were gone, she knew that she was destitute of all personal attractions.

All these convictions had been deepened in her by a visit made to the new friends of her lover. She had been present at his ordination, and been presented by him to his acquaintance as his intended bride. Among these was a beautiful and highly gifted young lady, the daughter of his hostess. Serena had been much struck by her beauty, her sweetness, and refinement. She knew her lover well enough to feel conscious that he was not insensible to the influence of such attractions, and she wondered why he had proved so true to her. She listened to the conversations in which John engaged most earnestly: they were those in which she could bear no part, and her heart ached as the subjects were changed for her sake. She listened to the sweet notes of the piano, as its keys were swept by a delicate hand, and when the deep voice of her lover mingled with its melody, she knew that she could never thus contribute to his happiness. But all these thoughts and feelings had been kept in her heart, as in a sealed book.

And what were the feelings of John Newton? They were precisely such as the sensitive heart of Serena had imagined them to be. He felt that, in her, he was to have a helpmeet in his home, an affectionate nurse in sickness, and a constant friend in health; but that, in his higher nature,

he was to be alone—a single man through life. There was no congeniality of intellect, no sympathy with his deepest feelings. Did duty thus compel him to wed? Must he be *true to an untruth*? Must he promise always to love when love was already dead?

Yet, for her sake, he felt that he could not part from Serena—she had been constant to him so long—so faithful to their juvenile engagement, that he could not discard her now. If he had only foreseen this at first—if he had resigned her when she might have cherished other hopes, and formed other attachments—if he had only done this, how much better for both. But now there could be no separation, unless at her desire. This was but justice to her long-tried love and constancy.

We will return to Serena. She had laid aside, with a hasty glance, the letters, excepting the last. She must read all this once more. She hurried through the commencement, and then read on.

“I will be with you Wednesday evening, and then you must decide upon the wedding day; and let it be very soon, for I wish your hard labors to cease. Do you remember, Serena, when you appointed this day before? What a change in both since then—a blessed change to both, in one sense, and to me in every respect. When I first believed that I was chosen of God, and appointed by HIM, to preach his Holy Gospel, how the world changed to me—and how I changed—I felt as though I had no right to myself, no right to say, ‘Let another do this work.’ I felt as though I must resign all the hopes I had cherished, which would conflict with this, and I did it. I was blessed in the sacrifice. I was happy in the thought that, by long striving, I might enable myself to win souls to Christ. Neither was it in my religious nature alone that I was gratified. My intellect expanded, and there was bliss in the new world that Science opened to me. It was like a dark cave, in which, as I entered, the light shone and brightened. As I passed on, the shapeless rocks around me assumed forms of beauty, and gleamed with hues like precious stones. And to this cave, Serena, no limits have ever been found—each successive step reveals new wonders, and the ever-increasing brightness is reflected upon that which lies behind us. Would that I could have taken you with me, but it required all my energies to force, for myself, an entrance there.

But I have formed a very pleasant plan for the future. The parsonage, in which we shall live, is very beautiful, and all our neighbors will be kind and friendly. I do not see as we can help being happy. They tell me that your factories unfit a woman for domestic life; but, unless you have a very poor memory, you will be an excellent housekeeper. Your duties will be light; and, in your leisure hours, I wish you to devote yourself to study. It will be tedious at first, but I shall be your instructor, and you may rest assured that I shall be very patient.”

Tears blinded the eyes of Serena, and she could read no farther. She felt that this was no “love-letter”—that such plans for connubial bliss were not like those which he would have formed with the woman who would now have been his choice. She had once known what it was to be really deeply loved, or she would not have been so well aware of the difference now. But she restrained her tears; she forced a smile, for she heard footsteps approaching which she knew must be *his*. The step of her betrothed was at the door, and she went to greet him.

“Why, Serena,” said he, as he entered the room, and saw the packet of letters lying upon the table. “So you have commenced already—re-

ally, I did not think you could be so much of a *bleu*. Are these effusions prose or poetry?"

"They are both, John; but they are not *my* productions. They are *yours*—your letters to me. I have brought them here to return them to you—to tell you that I cannot keep them, and that I can receive no more."

Serena stood before her lover as she said this, in a calm firm tone, with her eyes fixed searchingly upon him, and she saw the involuntary start of pleasure which was controlled at the instant; and, from that moment, she had new strength.

"But why is this, Serena? why do you withdraw from our engagement at this late period?"

"I have long known that I ought to do it, but I was very weak. I have now overcome this weakness, and set you free from an engagement which ought not to bind you longer. You ask me *why*, and yet you know that I am deficient in many of the requisites for a minister's wife. I have always thought her duties similar to her husband's—that she should be one who could share many of his pastoral labors, as well as sympathize in all of them. She should be fitted for her work, as well as he, and have confidence and ability to go forward in it. More than this, I am not fit to be the wife of any learned man. I am very ignorant, and too old to commence a life of study. If I had taste, yet I have not heart for it. I feel worn, both mind and body; I shrink from cares, responsibilities, and exertions, and wish for rest. Life is just beginning with you; you have health and strength, and your heart beats strong with hope. Choose, then, for your companion, one who is, in heart and mind, congenial with yourself, and my prayers shall ever arise for your mutual happiness."

Serena placed the letters in his hand; and, without trusting herself to say *farewell*, she left him. Her voice had not once faltered during the interview; her countenance did not betray her; her eyes were no tell-tales, and John Newton did not dream that she had made a sacrifice.

After this he addressed several letters to her, to know whether she were really in earnest, or, if so, if she did not regret her withdrawal from their engagement. Serena was firm, and the correspondence terminated at her earnest request.

Summer and Autumn passed, carrying with them birds, blossoms, and beauty, and even so faded hope, mirth, and cheerfulness, from the heart of Serena. She had never known, until it was withdrawn, how much of stimulus there was in hope and love. She prayed for strength and support, for she was weak and lonely. She heard of Newton's marriage with the lovely girl whom she had seen, and she endeavored to rejoice in his happiness. She was glad that she had released him; she had felt that this would be, and had known before that she was the repellant between two, for whom there was strong mutual attraction. She feared that she was slightly selfish, for she could not be very joyful, but she was very calm. She sought pleasure, and found it, in spiritual hopes and joys. The trials of the past were sanctified to her—the sorrows of life had been like the black clouds of winter, that send, from their dark bosoms, the beautiful white mantle which conceals the bleak roughness of earth, and envelopes it in purity and beauty.

Winter passed—the pleasant spring time came; and it brought, as it bringeth ever, new hopes and fresh beauties, the song of birds and streams, and the incense of newly blossomed flowers.

Serena left the mill, and went home, that she might see if the breezes from the hills, and fragrance from the meadows, would not impart some buoyancy to her frame, and freshness to her heart.

Then came summer; with its deeper verdure, its richer foliage, its lovelier flowers, and sultry heat. John Newton left his home, in the thickly settled village; for he wished his bride to see the home of his youth—the hills where he had rambled in boyhood, and the streams where he had often played—the old tree also, where he had often met her, who was the love of his youth; and the house, in which he had once thought to spend his life with her.

He took his young wife also to the village burial ground—where the grass was long and rank over the graves of his parents, and the stones were deeply sunken where his grand-parents were laid. They went, too, where the freshly cut turf was withering over a new-made grave—where there was as yet no head-stone, and the prints of many footsteps had not been wholly effaced by wind and rain—and they felt their hearts united by a stronger and holier love as they stood together at the last resting place of Serena Lowe.

ADELIA.

OUR IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE.

TIME, on the wheels of his ever-rolling car, has again brought us to our semi-annual meeting, where we may, perhaps, profitably pause for a moment, to review the lessons of the past, and form resolutions for the future. When we last met, on a similar occasion, in July, it was almost with fear and trembling in the minds of some, lest, having begun to build without counting the cost, we should grow faint-hearted and weary of our undertaking. They were fearful that, when the charm of novelty should have worn away, and naught should be left, to lure us on, but the simple desire for improvement, that then the interest would begin to fail, and the society, having no other resources to fall back upon to keep up the interest, would at length begin to be considered burdensome in its claims, and, finally, cease to exist.

But the event has proved that these fears were groundless. In point of numbers, the society is in a much more prosperous condition than then, and the interest, methinks, on the part of most of the members, is in nowise diminished. They have gone onward in the path of intellectual culture and advancement, with increasing ardor and interest. And let our motto now be onward, still onward; onward without stopping to glance at doubt and discouragement, that may chance to hang around us; let onward be the watchword of every individual. And well may our watchword be *onward* when we reflect on the end we have in view, and the advantage to be derived from the course we are pursuing. True, we are but a band of feeble sisters, pursuing our way in obscurity, and making our efforts in silence, but who shall despise “the day of small things”? The tiny stream, that steals its way down from the mountain’s side, and winds silently through the vale below, dwindles into insignificance beside the broad deep bosom of the mighty river; and yet the little stream scatters many

a blessing in its path, as it goes onward bathing the spotless cheek of the lily, washing the roots of the daisy on its banks, and tinging the meadow with a more vivid green.

The poet tells us to "act well our part, there all the honor lies;" and, should there be but one talent committed to our trust, let us resolve that the one talent shall be improved to the full extent of our opportunities, rather than let it rust in sloth and inactivity. And let us also resolve to set our standard high. It will do us no harm to aim at perfection, even though we never attain to it; for, as one expresses it, it is better, far better to aim at the skies above us, than at the clods beneath our feet, for we shall assuredly rise no higher than our aim; and, unless we set our standard high, we shall never attain to excellence. And let no one of us turn carelessly away, and say, such a society as this may be interesting and beneficial to others, but is not calculated to interest me; or, I have no time to devote to this subject, and various other excuses of no more weight. In order to know whether it may or may not be beneficial to us, we should give the case a fair trial, and not decide hastily; and I presume that most of those who have given it a fair trial, can testify to its beneficial effects, in accomplishing the object which its name indicates, mental improvement.

But do we say, I have no time for this purpose? No time for improvement! How many moments do we spend in frivolous conversation? How much in vain amusements? How much needless attention is bestowed upon dress? How many precious moments are wasted in idleness? How much time, that might be profitably spent in thought and reflection? Until we have no portion of our time unemployed, let us not say, we have no time for mental improvement. But I will not weary your patience by trespassing longer upon your time, as I have already spun out what I intended should be but two sentences, to an unwarrantable length; and will only venture to hope, in conclusion, that each of us will be ever at our post, and ever be ready, as individual members of society, to do our duty as circumstances may require. M. A.

January, 1844.

INGRATITUDE.

THERE are some cold haughty hearts upon whom the sense of obligation falls with a stinging and corroding power. Grant them a favor—do gratuitously some kind act, and they endeavor to cancel the debt, to remove the obligation, by some favor returned. This apparent gratitude is, in truth, the deepest ingratitude; and it fails of its end; for the kind deed, done from the spontaneous impulse of the generous heart, can never be offset by the ignoble act, which, however ostentatiously it assumes the appearance of disinterested kindness, bears nevertheless the depreciating label "for value received."

Kindness rewards itself, and ingratitude must ever be its own punishment. F.

THE NATURAL AND THE MORAL WORLD.

THOUGH the natural world has lost much of its primeval loveliness, and a sad change has come over it since that blessed period when the Creator looked upon it, and pronounced it all beautiful, and very good, yet who will say that it does not still present many, very many, attractions. A few months ago, before the storm spirit was abroad, the earth was covered with verdure, and the lovely flower charmed us with its beauty. We listened with joy to the melody that was awakened in the grove; and, wherever we wandered, whether in the deep-green forest, in the fields, or in the garden, nothing presented itself but scenes of beauty and splendor; and our eye was sweetly delayed on every object to which it turned. The insect that flitted in the sunshine, the bird on the wing, and every animal, of whatever description, whether wild or domestic, that ranged the wood, or frequented the more busy haunts of man, partook in the general joy and blessedness of the scene. And though now the chilling blast and driving snow has desolated the fields, and withered the foliage, yet even winter, all unlovely as it seems, is not without its charms. Amid the howling of its winds, the raging of its storms, there is music, there is grandeur, calculated to inspire the heart attuned to Nature's melody.

The natural world is indeed beautiful. Man, too, was originally created pure and holy—endowed with noble and exalted faculties. With a form and visage that excited feelings of love and respect from those bright holy beings who dwell in the presence of God; and there could have been no deformity in him, for the eye of Infinite Wisdom and purity would most assuredly have detected the least defect in this last best work of his hands. Man, too, was pronounced very good. But he who was thus exalted to the companionship of angels, to the communion of JEHOVAH, fell a victim to ambition. Tempted, in an evil hour, by one who had himself fallen a prey to this unlovely passion, he yielded, and was ruined; ungratefully rebelled and turned away from HIM, who had thrown around him His arms of love and protection, and provided happiness for him the most sweet and satisfying his intelligent mind could desire, and meeting in degree all the ever-enlarging propensities of his immortal soul. And since that period, the moral world has been a waste: and oh, what scenes of wretchedness and misery has it presented! The strong have oppressed the weak, and Might, not Right, has swayed the sceptre of the world; and injured innocence has retired to weep alone, having none to plead her cause. How often has the beautiful earth been stained with human blood! Though God has lighted up the lamp of life in this dark world, and given us an example of pure and holy love, yet few come to the light, choosing night, as best befitting their deeds of darkness.

That the highest and noblest gifts that Providence has ever bestowed upon man have been perverted, and turned into instruments of evil, evidence is not wanting to prove. Had the gigantic intellect, and strong feelings, of many of earth's famed ones been employed as they were intended to be, instead of laying waste fruitful villages and populous cities by war, that fell destroyer of nations, they would have caused the literal and moral wilderness to have budded and blossomed as the garden of God. Instead of extorting the cry of the widow and orphan, the blessing of those ready

to perish would have come upon them. And many of the gifted sons of genius, *Byron*, for instance, formed with an imagination which seemed at times as tireless as that of an angel, with capacities to drink unbounded delight from all the beauty and poetry with which creation is filled, he fearfully employed them all in laying waste the purest affections and noblest virtues of the heart. And while we admire the splendor of his genius, the beauty and grandeur of his style, our hearts are pained by his shameless attacks upon virtue and purity. When we think of the minds he has perverted, of the souls he has destroyed, we are not surprised at the testimony he has borne of himself, after draining the cup of earthly pleasure to the dregs, that his life has been passed in bitterness, and that he would gladly rush into the thickest of the battle, that he might terminate his miserable existence in a moment. O *Byron*! thou hast a fearful account to render.

Though the visible world is fair and beautiful, it is fading and passing away. And we find that the moral world has, by our rebellion, been rendered a waste—a desert, where perennial flowers seldom bloom, and all, that in this world we lean upon, proves a broken reed. Where then, shall we flee for refuge in a stormy hour? Where shall we look for safety and durability? To the throne of *JEHOVAH*. That alone is subject to no vicissitudes. An eternity has passed over it, and the waves of another eternity roll on, but still it will remain the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

E. D.

AFTER DEATH,

Which seems the most fit and natural, Embalming, Entombing, or Burying in Graves?

THE thought of having the body kept in a state of preservation for years, and even centuries, after the spirit has departed, may be cherished with pleasure by some. They may imagine that those who will hereafter fill the places which they now occupy, while beholding the inanimate form of the once active intelligent and lovely inhabitant of earth, will delight to dwell upon the living wishes of the silent dead. The philanthropy which influenced him in his noble exertions for the good of his fellow-men; the benevolence, which gained for him the hearts of his friends, the universal love of all who knew him, and the veneration of succeeding generations. It may be pleasing to reflect, that when they shall be called to leave this bright world, and the friends by whom they are so dearly beloved, that their bodies will still be cared for on the earth; that those loved ones will often turn from the haunts of the living, and visit the last abode of the cherished departed; and, while bending over the mortal form which still is preserved in beauty before them, memory will love to portray in vivid light the hallowed scenes of by-gone days, which the cold and motionless forms now before them rendered so dear by their presence.

Others may prefer the tomb for the place of their interment. I have heard people remark, that they considered a tomb the only proper place for the bodies of the dead, and they would suggest, as an argument in proof of their theory, that the body of the Savior was laid in a tomb, that

being considered the only proper place. I confess that this circumstance has hallowed even the name of sepulchre in the hearts of many. But was this done at his request? We have nothing to confirm us in the belief that the Savior preferred to have his body placed in a tomb, and I think we have as little to influence a desire in ourselves to be placed there. It is true, that for a few days, or months, our friends may seek out our resting-place, lift the coffin-lid, and again view us as we were while we were yet with them, and beheld them face to face; but the satisfaction, which they may for a time derive from this source, is not of long continuance, for the decree of the Almighty has gone forth, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Soon they will be compelled to turn with loathing from the sight of the mouldering ashes which alone is left in the enclosed coffin.

"I ask no monumental stone,
To show the worth which I have done."

When my spirit shall depart hence, to be here no more, let the humble turf cover this mortal body—let the quiet grave be my last earthly home.

OLENA.

EDITORIAL.

THE SMUGGLER.

"To be profane—can it destroy
One sorrow pressing to the heart?
Or will it add a single joy—
A momentary bliss impart?
Will it secure his friendship, who
Has turned from you in pride or scorn?
The selfishness or hate subdue,
Of those to wealth or honor born?

'Swear not at all,' is GOD's command:
Shall cares distract and business press—
Should foes surround your pathway, and
Molest your person—bring distress—
Forget not duty—do not swear—
And HE who looks with kindness down,
Will keep you by HIS tender care,
And with success each effort crown.

GOD, with a pitying eye, forgive
The dark pollutions of the times—
And teach THY creatures how to live,
Free from the still prevailing crimes.
May truth extend, and holiness
Spring in the heart—beam on the brow—
THY name but uttered when we bless,
Or lowly at thy footstool bow."

In this number we conclude the tale, to which has been assigned so prominent place in this volume of the Offering. It will be seen, by a notice, that the author has taken a copyright of the story, having heard that it was printed as fast as published by one or two periodical establishments. One or two others have sent to her for permission to do the same, and their course has been much more honorable. With regard to the former, we would like to offer a few remarks.

To all honorable men the idea would readily have suggested itself, that, if any advantage could result from the republication of a story written by a *factory girl*, SHE should have the benefit of it. And, if we have been correctly informed, there has been something peculiarly ungenerous in the conduct of those who have been

smuggling THE SMUGGLER. As the copyright is now secured to the writer, they will have but their labor for its reward. The Smuggler will be republished, with other tales, by the author of *Kate in Search of a Husband*.

And now we will address that class of our readers (how large we know not) who have not liked The Smuggler. We have repeatedly heard their objections, and would say a word in self-defence, as well as in defence of our partner. The opinions expressed against the tale have never been more strongly stated than in the following letter, received by us long since, and at the time deeply wounding our feelings.

"Madam: I subscribed to your paper, and have received your number for November, and much regret to find in its columns low vulgar profanity, indicating a low state of morals and depraved taste in the author. I allude to a piece entitled 'The Smuggler,' the introduction to which also contains a gross slander on the American character. It is stated as a fact, that the business of smuggling is viewed by our citizens as by no means immoral or discreditable, if a man happens to be successful. This is not true. I live near the frontier where I know in what estimation a smuggler is held. This latter I can however overlook as perhaps not well considered when published, but a female should (of all others) take a decided stand against profane swearing, a vice the most odious and contemptible, and which has no excuse, and should have no copyists. I hope I shall see no more of it, but if you think the taste of your readers requires such articles, you will please discontinue sending your paper, for I should not admit it into my family. There is a great responsibility resting on the conductor of a public paper such as you publish; and it should be your first object to improve the taste and elevate the standard of literature, and to discountenance every thing of an opposite tendency. I would advise that you endeavor to prevail on your contributors *not* to employ their pens in writing love stories, which form so large a portion of the light reading of the present day that they have become disgusting to most readers; it is perhaps impossible however for you to avoid them altogether.

Hoping you may make your paper a means of elevating the tone of morals, and improving the taste of that interesting class who contribute to your columns, I remain
Yours respectfully."

Now we would inform the writer of this letter, that we had no right to reject this story. It was written by one who can at least claim the privilege of being an independent contributor, and we must publish what she chooses to write. We knew, and told her, of the objections which would be brought against it, but all good critics will agree with her, that the language used was necessary to a truthful delineation of a smuggler's character. To have made Edward Clapp, and his followers, talk like so many saints would have been worse than nonsense; and to have described them, without making them talk at all, would have materially detracted from the interest of the story. It will be readily conceded that there is much graphic power in the narration, and all admirers of genius will forgive it where it errs.

We are most grossly misunderstood by those who think that we would countenance profanity in the intercourse of real life; though we do not join with our correspondent in thinking it *the most odious* of vices. There are many which we think more contemptible, among which are slander, and habitual injustice and misrepresentation.

The introduction, says our correspondent, "contains a gross slander," &c. Would that it did! Would that successful villany was unceasingly frowned upon by our community. We regret to say it, but we know that it is not so. Does not the swindler walk openly our streets, receiving bows and smiles and invitations to places to which no honest laborer can obtain admittance, if he is only suspected—not detected?

The hero of this tale, Edward Clapp, is now a *highly respected* merchant in a city not a million of miles from Lowell; though it is known, in the circles where he moves, that he was once a *smuggler*. We have no doubt that if he were now a poor man the sins of his youth would be brought in array against him; but we are not of those who would advocate a stricter state of morals for the poor than for the rich. Indeed, it might be very naturally required that those who have less temptation should have more virtue.

Neither would we countenance a different code of morals for the different sexes. What is morally wrong in one, is equally so in the other. If we have done wrong

in publishing *The Smuggler*, it would have been quite as wicked for Louis A. Godey, or Park Benjamin, to have published it. But perhaps some will say that delicacy should have forbidden it.

The writer of that story was thrown, in early life, by circumstances over which she could have no control, in immediate connection with a smuggler, and her love for his good qualities may have blinded her to his defects. The feeling of repugnance to his character and language which would be felt by a stranger was early worn away in her, and these circumstances have enabled her to present a more faithful portraiture than many in this country are able to draw. There is something very noble in the character of Clapp, though he did swear at Esq. Eaton, and defraud his country of her revenue, and though we should have lectured him more severely than Jane did, and though our repugnance would not have ceased the moment we ascertained that he had conversed more with us than he ever did with any lady before, yet, like her, we must have felt fascinated by his manliness, his generosity, and daring. And herein, say some, lies an objection to the story—it is so improbable that a refined young lady from the land of *blue laws* should have been so easily won. But is it so *improbable*? How many of the refined young ladies of our country scrutinize the characters of their parlor knights, and ascertain their strength of principle before they admit them to their confidence, and give them their hearts? We fear the proportion is very small, of those in some circles who refuse the *suspected* when not *detected*.

Our correspondent says that such characters should have "*no copyists*." This is still an open question, and we are of those who would advocate the utility of presenting, in fiction, a faithful transcript of the evils and vices of real life. If parents could keep their children always at their sides—if they could ever brood over them with guardian wings—this might not be necessary—it might not be well. But we have known what it is to go inexperienced into the world, and be obliged to learn every thing by the sad stern lessons of a hard teacher.

If there is a parent, who regrets that his children have read *The Smuggler*, let him counteract what he thinks may be its pernicious influences, by his own teachings; and he may make it the medium for the communication of valuable truth. Let him teach his children that, when they go forth into the world, they will often meet with depravity arrayed in robes of light, and enticing them, with an angel smile, into the haunts of sin and misery. And quite as useful a lesson will be this, that in many characters decided virtues and prominent vices may be combined: that, in the dark ore of many a bad man's heart, there may be veins of purest silver; and that, among the good, there may be faults, which are more conspicuous than spots on the sun.

By ingenious sophistry a tolerably good man, but an earnest believer in the doctrine of "free trade and equal rights," may convince himself that there is much excuse for smuggling, and even that it is always "a pious fraud to cheat Uncle Sam."

These latter remarks are not for the benefit of our correspondent; for, if the *Offering* has not been put into the fire as soon as it entered his house, we presume the family have all been informed that it is *tabu*—forbidden fruit—and the children of this good man, we doubt not, are *obedient*.

We have entirely disregarded the advice about "love stories," because we could not bear to put our correspondents into "strait jackets." We have left them entirely free in their choice of subjects, but we do not think our magazine peculiarly offensive in this respect.

We are well aware of the responsibility resting upon the conductor of a periodical. In no other, than this, would we have assumed this responsibility, and our aim is now very far from that which our correspondent thinks it should be. We do not aspire to be the correctors of public opinion—the improvers of public taste. We have merely attempted to prove that, among the toiling operatives of our manufacturing, there was cultivation of mind and heart. And, when we can show them that there is *genius* also, we dare not withhold the proof, because some may frown upon the exhibition. With all its faults we prefer such a story as *THE SMUGGLER* to thousands which are published in those magazines, whose principal recommendation is, that "nothing will be found in them which any parent need fear to place in the hands of his children;" and which are filled with namby-pamby things, that are incapable of doing either good or harm.

With many thanks for the good advice of our correspondent, and also for his good wishes, we remain his humble servant.

H. F.